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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.... It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

We warn the Government that they are treading a very dangerous path in attempting to select for special taxation individuals who may have made money out of and during the war. Natural and excusable as is the irritation excited by the vulgar extravagance of the new rich, an attempt to deprive them of their gains can only be partially successful, and must inflict a severe blow on the security of all property. How do the Government suppose that they will ever be able to raise another loan? Sir John Anderson, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, made this statement to the Committee: "It was impossible to discriminate between the different classes of war wealth, and the proposed tax should not fall exclusively on war profits, but should be given a wider screen. If the tax was imposed they would have to deal with the increase in wealth, without paying regard to how it was brought about." Quite so. We remember that the excess profits duty was first levied on war profits, and then extended to all profits. Here we have a levy on capital in full swing.

Mr. Asquith's election for Paisley by a majority of 2,834 over the Labour man and 10,941 over the Coalition candidate, is not only a well-earned personal triumph, but the grant of a new lease of life to the Liberal Party. As we have always been in favour of maintaining the two parties, Liberal and Conservative, (despite of the silly chatter about old shibboleths), and also of upholding the traditional decorum and oratory of the House of Commons, we are pleased by the result. The House of Commons has fallen into a very casual and slipshod manner of transacting business by inaudible conversation, for which Mr. Bonar Law is in some measure responsible, and Mr. Asquith will stop this. The election is a decided blow to the nationalisation of railways. But we doubt whether it was so

much a question of principle as of personalities. Mr. Asquith's opponents were immeasurably inferior to him in every way, socially and intellectually. The truth is a local man is generally a bad candidate: his neighbours know too much about him. Besides, the Scotch are the best educated part of the British population.

There is a spiteful outburst by the Polypapist against the appointment of Sir Auckland Geddes as Ambassador at Washington, which, in our judgment, is the very best that could have been made. Of all the classes into which *homo sapiens* is divided, we should say that men of science—physical science we mean—are the most accurate and the most honest. Indeed, they must be so, for the laboratory and the theatre, like the cards, never pardon. Even democratic politics have failed to blunt the edge of precision, which science has given to the speeches of Sir Auckland Geddes. He is also a man of the world and of affairs, is married to an American wife, and has lived much in Canada and the States; so that he is really a good choice. But Sir Auckland must have offended our Lord Polypapist, for the *Times* declares that he is a failure, and that Mr. H. A. L. Fisher ought to have been appointed. Whatever his donnish accomplishments, Mr. Fisher deals in clap-trap Socialism, and is the author of "Dear Viscountess—How I detest the word!" We wish the Polypapist would tell us what single qualification Mr. Fisher possesses for the post of Ambassador at Washington, though he might do well at Laputa.

Mr. Churchill's speech in introducing his Army Estimates was on the high level of parliamentary eloquence, clear, persuasive, and wise in its warning against the dream of perpetual peace. It doesn't exactly fit in with some of the Prime Minister's perorations, but we can't help that. "The war to end war" has resulted in raising the strength of the white army



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from 175,000 to 220,000, and in increasing the cost of the said army from 28 to 62 millions, while the total estimate of military expenditure for the coming year is put at £125 millions, though it is more likely to be £150,000 millions. This allows nothing for the Air Force: so that probably those are right who put our total military expenditure at £200,000,000, which is the total of our pre-war national revenue. This is pretty well for the New Era of peace and good-will amongst men.

No doubt a good deal of this extra cost is due to the devaluation of money. Mr. Churchill says that the new soldier will cost 2½ times as much as the old, and Colonel Ward says he *ought* to cost more. The worst of it is that we have no security that this estimate will not be exceeded, because it depends on our being able to withdraw half our white and black troops from the Near East. And who that looks at Constantinople, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, where we have assumed new and indefinite liabilities, can believe that those countries will settle down in the course of the year? We told the Government some time ago that their creation of a new Arab kingdom would give them a great deal of trouble, as it has already, for the Arabs are the most quarrelsome and unruly people in the East. Alone of all the countries in the world—we don't count Germany acting under compulsion—England has renounced conscription, and she will rue it. The new world is to those races who are willing to postpone the present to the future, to obey, and to work, Germany and Japan, who will conquer the Western Republics, because their citizens will neither obey nor work.

A most mischievous agitation has been started by Lord Robert Cecil to interfere with the decision of the Great Powers to retain the Turks at Constantinople. Any attempt to expel the Turks from a capital which they have occupied for five centuries would certainly start another war, for which there is no justification. Turkish officials are generally not Turks, but Levantines, Greeks, or even Armenians, and it is they who are responsible for the massacres. The Turkish peasants, if left alone, are no worse than their neighbours, the Bulgarians, Serbians, Roumanians, and Armenians; indeed, they are braver and more honest. Is Lord Robert Cecil the dupe of a Greek intrigue? Or is this an attempt to start another Crusade? England "holds the gorgeous East in fee"; and in the East Mahomet is more important than Christ.

By all means purge the Turkish Administration, which Lord Robert Cecil is right in denouncing, of its Levantine elements: banish the Telaats and Envers, but restore the real Turk. We have no belief in internationalisation, which would only mean handing Constantinople over to Greek and Levantine adventurers. An international Constantinople would become like Rome in its decline, a common sewer of all the cosmopolitan rascality of Eastern Europe. Corruption and intrigue, financial and political, would range unchecked. But between purifying the Turkish Government and abolishing it there is a difference. What is really wanted at Constantinople is a strong and capable British Ambassador, like Sir Stratford Canning, or Sir William White. With the exception of Wangenheim, now dead, who outwitted all his colleagues, the Embassies at Constantinople have been very incompetently manned.

We heartily endorse what General Hanbury Williams says about bringing to trial and execution the murderers of the Tsar and his family. Here is a fact which cannot be disputed, as the guilt of the ex-Kaiser and his generals may be. But what a forgetful, or tactless, person General Hanbury Williams must be to propose such a thing! Does he not remember that the Prime Minister and Mr. Bonar Law and the whole House of Commons despatched a message of congratulation, not indeed to the murderers, but to Kerensky, "that fine revolutionary figure, the St. Just of the Russian revolution," as Mr. Lloyd

George described him, who, if he did not kill the Tsar, deposed and imprisoned him where murdered he must be? Our King's cousin! Our loyal and trusty Ally! The commander of the steam-roller advancing on Berlin! How we beslaved the poor Tsar in the early months of the war! There is only one objection to the General's demand, namely, that the Tsar's murderers are probably themselves murdered by this time.

Humiliation seems to dog the footsteps of the Allied Powers, or the Supreme Council of the League, between whom we don't profess to be able to distinguish. Anything more undignified than first demanding the surrender of war criminals and then allowing the Germans to try them in their own court it is hard to imagine. There is only one thing worse than the prosecutor acting as judge, and that is the prisoner acting as judge. After calling upon Holland, with a most imposing array of phrases, to give up William of Hohenzollern, the Supreme Council apparently add, "but we will be satisfied by your sending him to Java." Perhaps the Russian business is the last drop in the cup of degradation. Our Russian Ambassador at this moment seems to be Mr. O'Grady, though who he is, or what he is, whether a member of the diplomatic service or not, we are ignorant.

Sorrowfully General Gough, and the other officers who have been in Russia, are forced to admit that the Whites are no better than the Reds, or, rather, that they are worse, being more cowardly and incompetent, and every whit as brutal. So the press-made myth of the dreamy, romantic, tender-hearted Russian peasant is destroyed, and we see them as they are, a nation of illiterate savages, who require a strong despotic government. And so peace is to be made with the Bolsheviks, and Lenin and Trotsky are to be recognised on the quiet—*la comédie est finie*. We do not question the wisdom of this step, for when Central Europe is starving, food and raw material must be bought even from murderers. It is, however, rather discouraging to those who prophesied that the dethronement of the Tsar would be the regeneration of Russia.

Independence is so rare in politics that we congratulate Mr. Charles Palmer on his election to Parliament for the Wrekin division. He is a vigorous and clever journalist, who will not bow the knee to the Baal of trade-unionism. If personal liberty be the aim—and we think it is the only aim worth living and fighting for—better a thousand times be governed by Tsar or Kaiser than by Messrs. Smillie, Williams, Mann and Hodges, coached by Socialist dons, like Messrs. Tawney and Cole. So long as you did your drill, and didn't interfere in politics, Tsar and Kaiser left the private lives of their subjects absolutely free. The Sovietists, Russian and British, penetrate into the remotest cranny of the cottage and the castle. We do not always see eye to eye with Mr. Palmer's chief, Mr. Bottomley, but he too is a Man, an Individualist, a stout opponent of labour tyranny, and of that hypocrisy, which is corroding the vitals of our public life.

If the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill are in earnest in their announced determination to fight the extreme wing of the Labour Party, they must provide themselves with a legal weapon for the battle, which will be no affair of rose-water speeches. Citizens who call a general strike, or even a strike of the Triple Alliance, are simply declaring war on society, for the starving of the community is as much a form of blockade as a fleet intercepting provisions. Hitherto the only means of meeting this domestic blockade has been to summon volunteers to do the work of the strikers, which they do as well as they can, though in the case of coal-hewing they can't do it at all. Is this enough? Ought not the declaration of civil war to be an indictable offence, in the nature of treason felony? One does not wish to see a revival of Castlereagh's Six Acts; but since the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, the arm of the law requires strengthening.

Mr. Austin Hopkinson, who couched his lance and charged the trade unionists with such deadly effect last week, is really something of a hero. Being thirty-six when the war broke out, he took a commission in the Royal Dragoons, was badly wounded in 1916 and invalided home. Having recovered, he re-enlisted in the same regiment as a private in the last year of the war. These are services which even democracies appreciate, and he was returned unopposed, as a Liberal, for Prestwich, now the Mossley division. Mr. Hopkinson is a large and generous employer of labour; and his exposure of the selfishness, cruelty, and sordid tyranny of the trade unions, which no attempt was made to answer, should be published broadcast. If the capitalists were not such numskulls, they would reprint the speech as a halfpenny pamphlet. But they cannot spare the money, which they prefer to spend on motors, jewels and clothes for their women, and restaurant dinners. The wealthy and the well-born have always frolicked under the butcher's eye:—

"Pleas'd to the last they crop the flowery food."

Whether rod. be an excessive price for a reel of cotton we are not qualified to decide. But to hold up the total profits of a firm like Coats to execration, and say, "Here are £4,000,000 made by one firm out of cotton thread!" is not only unfair, but childish. The sum of profit is relative to the turnover, and the only point at issue is whether the rate or percentage of profit is unduly large. We are always being told (by Mr. Bernard Shaw among others) that combination, i.e., big trusts, make for efficiency and economy. The present age has deliberately chosen to squeeze the individual producer out of business: and when men are confronted by the result, they hold up their hands. High prices are due, (1) to the total cessation of production of food and raw materials by Austria, Russia, and Turkey, and the partial cessation of production by Germany and Italy. (2) To the higher wages and shorter hours of labour all over the world. Until you can cure these things, it is idle to rail at profiteers, though there is much cheating in tradesmen's accounts, partly deliberate, and partly owing to "the young lady," who will think of her best boy, when she ought to be thinking of the ledger.

Our Nancy has at last parted with her parliamentary virginity: but she has not bewitched us, though a sycophantic Ministerial organ informs us that "the House rocked with laughter." We daresay; taste changes; the House which once smiled at the wit of Sheridan and Disraeli now rocks with laughter at badinage between an elderly civilian and a mature matron, that smacks of the servants' hall. An assembly that once followed the grave arguments of Pitt and Gladstone now applauds earnestly the *clichés* of Farringdon Hall. We owe a great deal to America, much money, many peeresses, and one that sits in the House of Commons in defiance of Constitutional law. But we are not going to take our domestic manners from America, not yet, though Pussy may purr and wave her tail. Let us add the hope—it is no more—that so sturdy a champion of individual liberty as Sir John Rees will not be perverted by the promise of a kiss.

On the serious aspect of State control of liquor there is little to be said that has not been said a thousand times. If the people of Britain are not fit to be "the rectors of their daily rioting," that is, to regulate their own eating and drinking, they are certainly not fit to be entrusted with self-government of any kind. We have often noticed that general conclusions are nearly always founded on particular instances. Lady Astor may have been unfortunate in her experience of the male sex, as is the case of most total prohibitionists. Gentlemen do not drink nowadays, and the habit of sobriety is spreading fast. This is due, not to legislation, or to lectures, but to the provision of other ways of amusement, as to which even cinemas and the Polypapist press have played a useful part. County Council education is not good, but it has at least sent the people to Garvice and

Riddell instead of to Boniface and the drunkard's song in the halls. If the State takes over the Drink Trade it must either lose or profit by it, and either result is bad.

Sir Horace Plunkett has returned to London in the best of health and spirits, congratulated by his many friends on rising from the dead. Query; Can a man bring an action for libel against a newspaper for saying that he is dead? The statement is not defamatory, for it is not disgraceful to die, except by one's own hand. But if the statement is false, and causes moral and material damage, as it easily may both to relatives and the man himself, ought he not to receive damages? We are informed that in America, though damages for defamation are unobtainable from juries, yet an action for libel on the dead may be brought by the next of kin. If this is also English law, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli ought to sue Messrs. Longmans for the atrocious caricature of Lord Beaconsfield which disfigures the paper wrapper of the new edition of the novels. It looks like a dejected 'Ebrew attorney, who has just lost a lawsuit, a client, and costs.

We published last week a letter signed "Nomadic Doctor," written by an eminent scientist serving in one of our Crown colonies, with wide knowledge of mankind. It contains a warning which ought not to be ignored. If the Church of England wishes to enlist in her service men of honesty and education, she must, before it is too late, loosen the bonds of theological, as distinguished from ethical, Christianity. Parsons, if they are to retain their place in the modern world, must be, not preachers of dogma, but spiritual guides; not critics of texts, but counsellors of conduct; not champions of creeds, but correctors of materialism. The ethics of Christianity—though not so different from the ethics of other religions as the ignorant suppose—are still invaluable, and never more so than at this hour.

The proceedings in the House of Commons on Wednesday are proof of the insincerity of politicians in clamouring for economy while they daily press upon the Government some fresh public expenditure. It is a great thing, and creditable to Sir Robert Horne's candour, that he admitted that the out-of-work donation had been "a source of demoralisation." Everybody knew it. Now Sir Robert Horne proposes a scheme of unemployment insurance, to be added to the Health Insurance Act of 1911, of which one-third is to be contributed by the employee, the other two-thirds by the rate- and tax-payers. By the extension of the unemployment pay to "locked-outs," the employers are deprived of their only weapon of defence against exorbitant wages. Of course the 15s. a week for men and 12s. a week for women was denounced as "an insult to labour"—it is proposed to raise it to £1— and of course the contributions by the workpeople were denounced. The Act is the crown of that huge system of out-door-relief, by which an idle proletariat will live on the rates and taxes.

Even more unscrupulous was Sir John Remnant's proposal to raise the pensions of all policemen retired before 1st April, 1919. These pensions are paid out of the rates, and already the rates in London have been raised by over 50 per cent. and in some parishes equal the rack-rent. As the Home Secretary pointed out, if you raise the policemen's pensions to meet the high cost of living, you will have to raise the pensions of everybody, Civil servants, soldiers, and sailors. And who pays these pensions? Chiefly the middle classes, who are outside the scope of the out-door-relief system, and who in most cases cannot increase their earnings. To be sure, a great many of these retired policemen live in Sir John Remnant's constituency, and in the other parishes of London. Nobody dares oppose such a proposal. Where is this to end? But let us hear no more of the cant of economy. Presumably every shilling of the income of the thrifty and the clever will be taken to support the stupid and the prodigal.

THE SHAMEFUL PACT

THAT the rules of the trade unions are the chief obstacle to the industrial recovery of the nation is admitted by all save those who live by denying it. There are four hundred thousand unemployed ex-service men, and a shortage of two hundred thousand men in the building trade. The houseless are clamouring for shelter; the Government and the municipalities are offering money; but the bricklayers' and carpenters' unions make it impossible to draft into the work of building houses, even temporarily, assistance from what is absurdly called unskilled, i.e., non-union, labour. The Port of London is blocked with ships laden with tea and meat and butter; but they cannot be unloaded. There is, in short, no necessary article of life of which the supply may not, without notice, be suddenly cut off by order of the trade unions. Italy is drifting towards a state of ruin hardly less appalling than that of Germany and Austria for want of coal: yet the output of coal does not increase. Mr. Smillie has decreed that until private ownership is abolished, the output of coal shall not increase. How comes it that in one of the most civilised countries in the world, and in a moment of really critical difficulty, these things are allowed? They are allowed because of the shameful pact made between the Government and organised labour during the war that, as soon as peace was assured, the trade unions should be allowed to revert to the barbarous practices of pre-war days, such as restriction of output, and what is grimly called peaceful picketing. Hardly had the war run a year when it became obvious to the Government that, unless output was enormously increased, the Germans would win. Output of munitions, ships, clothes, coal, etc., could only be increased by a dropping of trade union regulations as to hours, employment of non-union (in this case female) labour, and amount of production per man. The Government appealed to organised labour, and the future historian and his readers will find it difficult to believe that the manual workers only agreed to do that which was necessary to save the country on strict conditions. It was a matter of hard bargaining. High wages, of course, and a solemn pledge, publicly given by the Government, that, no matter what the circumstances might be after the war, there was to be an immediate return to the old, bad, ignorant system of carefully regulated and exclusive production—these were the terms on which organised labour would work, and allow others to work, to keep German bayonets from their hearts. But no promise, no work: unless all the trade union abuses were to be restored, it would be down tools, and let the Germans come! And they meant it, sure enough, these trade union leaders. Had Mr. Lloyd George boggled over the bargain, they would have prevented the women from working, and in many parts of the country, they would have downed tools. Germany would have won the war, and imposed on us an indemnity of twenty thousand millions. England would have lost her colonies and her fleet; and the very men who had caused the nation's defeat would have raised a revolution and cut our throats.

Of course, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law accepted the bargain: what else could they do? Hence the Pre-War Practices Act of 1919, which makes all the cruel absurdities of the present time permissible. But was it not a shameful pact? Shameful in that it was wrung from the agony and need of the nation, but shameful, not to those who made the promise, but only to those who asked it. Well might Mr. Hopkinson say that the Labour Party "never had any ideals, and did not even know what ideals were. They thought that ideals were something which rendered men comfortable and gave them leisure for self-indulgence—something to make them fat." Mr. Hopkinson might have added that, if the profiteers are those who have improved their pecuniary position by and out of the war, the working-classes are the most brazen and successful profiteers in the nation.

CHARLES I AND WILLIAM II.

IT is a curious and interesting circumstance that allusion should so often be made to the trial of Charles the First by writers who wish to see some sort of a tribunal dealing with the offences of William the Second. There has never been in England so complete a triumph of militarism over law as the proceedings against Charles Stuart; and yet in some way they are supposed to afford a useful precedent for a desired vindication of law against militarism. One would hardly have thought that the flimsy trappings of legality with which the leaders of the Parliamentary Army attempted in 1649 to cloak acts done in virtue of victory in war would to-day have deceived anyone. The impression made by President Bradshaw's brand-new judicial red robe is evidently of some permanence.

There were, according to Clarendon, three proposals for dealing with the prisoner Charles Stuart. The first was to depose him, keeping him in custody and alive, at all events for the present: the second was to assassinate him at once, preferably by poison; and the third was to have him brought to public trial as a malefactor. The party which favoured the last course thought it "would teach all kings to know that they were accountable and punishable for the wickedness of their lives." All the circumstances of the trial show that, except for this beneficent didactic touch there was not meant to be much difference between that course and the second. Those who preferred to conduct operations behind a screen, so to speak, prevailed: and accordingly the Commons—or what Colonel Pride had left of them—having paved the way by resolving that the people, under God, were the fountain of all just power, and that they, the remnant of the Commons, were the people for the purpose of exercising it, proceeded to invent a new High Court of Justice. Incidentally it might be noted that a considerable number of the people had been helping Charles to levy war, just as the wickedness of William was not only applauded, but assisted by some millions of humble Germans. Neither King could pursue his iniquitous courses without this popular support.

The proceedings against Charles began by the nomination of his judges by the prosecution itself. That is hardly a precedent that will commend itself to the English mind in its calmer moments. The very constitution of Oliver Cromwell's High Court of Justice was a device for ensuring a verdict of guilty. The trial of Charles, says Sir James Stephen in his 'History of the Criminal Law,' "supplies the only case, so far as I know, in English history in which judges sitting without a jury, other than members of courts martial, have been entrusted with the power of life and death." The whole proceeding, as Major White wrote of it to Fairfax at the time, was "by no legal authority but only what the sword exalteth." The name of martial law, however, was then as now unpleasant to democratic ears, and a pretence was expedient.

The leading lawyers, though Parliamentarians, would have nothing to do with the pretence. Rolle, the Lord Chief Justice, St. John, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Wilde, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, declined to act as members of the High Court of Justice newly set up. Bulstrode Whitelock and Widdrington, the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, stole out of London together when requested to give their advice to the Committee which was considering its constitution. A new law-officer had to be appointed to appear as prosecutor before it. And then, as everyone knows, the prisoner demurred to its jurisdiction. The greater part of the report of the trial is taken up by Bradshaw's efforts to get Charles to acknowledge the competence of the tribunal and his persistent denial that it had any legal authority to try either himself or anybody else. The fact that in the end it was obliged to regard the taking of an unassailable point by the prisoner as an act of contumacy and to proceed to condemnation without hearing him on the merits speaks for itself.

The trial was, in Charles's own words, "power without law." There still seem to be people who, like the regicides, are fain to call the one by the name of the other. We remember that Sir Andrew Aguecheek, being asked why he would beat a man for being a Puritan, replied that he had no exquisite reason for it, but had reason good enough. Sir Andrew was a fool, and would probably have been afraid: but at least there is no chicanery about his theory.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'OTHELLO.'

FOR a good deal of the nonsense which has been written about 'Othello,' the immortal Coleridge must be held responsible. Coleridge saw one thing clearly enough—the one thing that really matters. He realised that out of this terrible play a beauty shines beyond anything achieved elsewhere, even by Shakespeare himself, and he was puzzled to explain how, from the exhibition of a gross and unlovely passion, presented fulsomely in all its horror, we should yet derive that sense of exaltation and repose which only the greatest tragedy can excite. The explanation he offers, since followed by most critics, is ingenious, but to us it seems wholly false and destructive of Shakespeare's real achievement. He argues (so we interpret him) that Othello's passion is more than jealousy; that it rises to an impersonal woe that Desdemona should be false; that he shows us the disillusionment of a noble nature betrayed and driven to call for justice and the righting of a huge wrong that concerns the whole world. Coleridge, in fact, tries to explain the beauty of Othello by transcendentalising Othello's passion. The logical conclusion of such a reading is to regard the strangling of Desdemona as a sublime though mistaken act of retribution, and not a mere crisis of the blood. This is just the sort of explanation which clever men invent to account for their admiration of something which baffles them by its mere simplicity. Othello's jealousy is fundamentally nothing more complicated or subtle than the jealousy which has brought many a common brute into the dock on a charge of murder. We do not forget any of the speeches in 'Othello,' which point at higher things. But these speeches are flowers which have their roots in the vulgar passion, and they bloom from this unlikely soil, not because Othello is above jealousy, but because Othello has a noble nature, which not even his jealousy can obscure. Nothing in the play prompts us to forget for one moment that Othello's passion is a vile condition of the blood, a thing almost wholly physical and reflex, the creation not of evidence carefully weighed, but of stimuli applied to an exposed nerve. Iago understands jealousy well enough to know that no reasons are necessary. He never attempts to find them. He simply befouls Othello's mind with gross suggestions which act directly upon the blood of his victim. Othello responds as helplessly to these suggestions, when once his jealousy is aroused, as a toad that jumps when he is pricked, and the last stimulus of all is the name of Cassio on Desdemona's lips just before he strangles her. Othello's physical jealousy is the most powerful and persistent motive of the play, the thing which challenged all Shakespeare's creative and poetic power to present in the fullness of its gross and fearful reality. To slubber the brutality of Othello's passion, to transcendentalise the motive of his crime, is not to elevate but to destroy the tragedy which Shakespeare has written.

Then how are we to account for the beauty which to the simplest or to the subtlest mind undoubtedly for all time resides in this terrible masterpiece? For ourselves we find it precisely in the contrast presented by the noble simplicity of Othello with the brutal passion that possesses him. This contrast is heightened by parallel incongruities which in every case throw beauty into relief against a background of darkness and horror. There is the strong appeal of Othello's strange romance contrasted with its unlikely and unprepossessing origins. Not for nothing do we hear continually of Othello's blackness. There is the contrast between the innocent fidelity of Desdemona and the monstrous suspicions that environ her. There is, above all, that contrast which resides in the dark

heart of jealousy itself between the love which exclaims upon "the pity of it" and the hate which destroys. Is it not, indeed, a shallow criticism that would read into that cry of Othello "The pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!" a general comment upon infidelity? The real pity of it was that Othello both loved and hated Desdemona in that moment, or quite simply that Othello was jealous. The play leaves us with an impression of beauty and rest, because all these contrasts running through it reveal their shining side at the close. When Othello's passion has burned itself out we feel only the beauty of his strange alliance. Nobility and innocence have been caught in a transitory net, but the tragic issue only the more vividly reveals their reality and permanence. Othello dies upon a kiss which is eternal, and all the power which Shakespeare has allowed in his play to the evil of the serpent only emphasizes at the close the eagle's victory.

This brings us to Iago, and here we may acquiesce in the celebrated diagnosis by Coleridge of his "motiveless malignity." Those who do not believe in positive evil cannot believe in Iago; and, as the present fashion is to believe that anybody sufficiently well-educated can be good on a thousand a year if he has no special reason to be bad, Iago is usually stigmatised by the modern critics as one of Shakespeare's mistakes. Because Iago gives himself reasons for hating the Moor, and because these reasons are either inadequate or ridiculous, common sense is baffled to account for him. But Iago's reasons are altogether beside the mark as reasons, and the character becomes absurd if we receive them as such. They are recounted and relished by Iago, not because they are reasons but because they are vile. His imagination is as "foul as Vulcan's stithy." He fears Othello or Cassio "with his night-cap," only because he likes to play with such ideas. They feed his monstrous appetite for evil. His whole nature turns to evil like a flower to the sun. There is here no mere absence of light but a darkness that can be felt. It is just this positive darkness which Shakespeare required for the background of Othello's tragedy. Nothing less would serve than an active and exultant malignity which should have behind it an instinctive and an infallible intelligence of the springs of evil. Iago directs the passion which brutalizes Othello as a devil handling his proper weapons. When all is discovered Othello himself looks for the cloven hoof. At that moment he is a better critic than those who complain that Iago has insufficient reasons for his conduct.

The immediate occasion for all this is Mr. Matheson Lang's remarkable revival of 'Othello' at the New Theatre. No other production we can remember has succeeded to the same extent in bringing into the theatre the beauty of 'Othello.' We have seen productions that distressed us, as a horrible story distresses, and some that almost made us doubt whether after all the sensible critics who dismiss the play as a relic of barbarism and soberly discuss the false point of honour are very far mistaken. At the New Theatre, however, the faith which we hold so firmly in the library is justified in the playhouse. Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Arthur Bourchier give us the contrasts and antipathies of the play for exactly what they are worth. There is no attempt to rationalise or transcendentalise the motives or the passions of the tragedy. Mr. Lang's Othello is dominated by the demi-devil who poisons his mind; he is like a man possessed. Twice he falls senseless at Iago's feet. Mr. Bourchier's Iago, though at first he makes the mistake of suggesting reasons for his hatred, as when he conveys in by-play that he is really jealous of Cassio's attentions to Emilia, atones for this by insisting throughout on Iago's positive delight in the ruin he plots to achieve. From this direct and simple presentment of the essential horrors of the play, comes our continuous appreciation of the beauty entangled in its web and our final sense that it is the beauty which at the last remains unstained and permanent. Mr. Lang's production is in the big style and he is sufficiently gifted as an actor successfully to sustain the daring simplicity of his conception. In Mr. Bourchier, whose talents are too

seldom employed to such notable purpose, he has a colleague who brings to their common scenes an equal intensity and singleness of aim. Between them they allow us to realise the marvellous simplicity of 'Othello'—a simplicity which gives it the first place among Shakespeare's tragedies and which has never ceased to offend the ingenious people who delight in thinking that the paths of genius are labyrinthine.

AN 18TH CENTURY DEALER IN ANTIQUES.

BEING a letter from Gavin Hamilton, Dealer, Painter and Excavator, to the Right Hon. Lord Wensumdale at Conisford, Norwich.

Rome,

January 8th, 1775.

My Lord,

I am still in expectation of hearing your lordship's opinion of the plans of your Gallery, such as I have drawn them to suit the delicacy of your lordship's taste. Conisford House is known already for its paintings, being second only in Norfolk to your lordship's kinsman my Lord Orford's at Houghton; but to complete it as the expression of connoisseurship such as your lordship's, it is needful that such a Gallery of Sculptures shall be added as I have ventured to plan for your lordship.

As the Gallery can scarce contain more than a dozen niches for the capital pieces—and believe me, my lord, it will be no easy matter to get so many—the Bustos, Vases and Urns should be set on pedestals, and the wall spaces filled with such panels or *basso-relievos* as may be got; or copies, in plaster of paris, may be set up in those spaces which, for want of the right originals, must remain empty. Such works as the Daedalus or the Bellerophon in the Palazzo Spada may well put to shame our modern artists, and your lordship might do worse than have these very pieces moulded. And for the windows, which, as your lordship will see, I have made high, to give the better light, the lower parts may be filled in with intaglios and cameos clear-set, such as my partner here, Mr. Thomas Jenkins, banker to all the English that come to this city, is for ever coming upon in the Campo Vaccino, (a) which have a mighty fine effect against the light without. You will ask me, my lord, what success I have met with in my efforts on your lordship's behalf. I have had hard work to persuade the Pope's Antiquary to permit of my sending your lordship, should you desire it, the fine piece representing Coriolanus and his mother Volumnia, a groupe I lately found at Tor Colombaro, half-way to Albano. (b) Capital groupes such as this 'tis rare to come on, and I promise your lordship that my Lord Shelburne himself, for whose Gallery at his house in Berkeley Square I have sent over thirty-five pieces in all, hath no such treasure as this. Likewise a fine statue of (c) Antinous as Silvanus, which exceeds all that I have hitherto seen, and an Electra Mourning, which will make a rare pair with the Antinous, the Groupe being placed between them in the tall central niche, if your lordship, that is, should see good to agree with my plans.

For the Vases and Candelabri, Cav. Piranesi, a fine set of whose etchings after the Antique your lordship hath commissioned me to get, has some mighty fine pieces, for which he asks sixty or seventy Zechines, and I have this day heard that Mr. Jenkins hath come upon two Bustos in the finest manner, the one a Marcus Agrippa, the other a Vestal Claudia, which are but £40 the pair, and which, can I but content His Holiness's Antiquary Sig. Visconti, I should be well satisfied to see at Conisford House. For the first of these, the Marcus Agrippa, seeing your lordship's interest as a Norfolk man in our gallant seaman, and the noble feast, of which the county still talks, which you made your tenants after Admiral Hawkes' victory at Quiberon, your lordship will have special pleasure in the portrait of so eminent an Admiral as he that led Augustus' fleet at Actium.

Your lordship's friend, Mr. Coke of Holkham, hath this day paid me a visit, after some marbles for his Gallery. They call him in Rome "the handsome Englishman," but say he is often in attendance upon the Pretender's Queen, and she hath given him her picture, which news is not well received by the English here (1). My men have this moment called me to see a mighty pretty piece which they have just found, a Minerva, in the highest Greek style (2), so beautiful a thing in truth that I cannot but think 'tis from the hand of Phidias himself, that very Lemnian Minerva, perhaps, of which Pliny writes in his 34th book. 'Tis a find so capital that I cannot but congratulate your lordship, the rather that it will need but little of the restorer's art. We have but to give her a spear and an owl, and a new crest to her helmet, and she is again perfect.

On two matters I would trouble your lordship to be more explicit. And first in the matter of money, seeing that the bill of exchange for £750 promised by your lordship is not yet to hand, and I have been forced to draw £500 from the bankers on your lordship's account. And hath your lordship any desire for an Egyptian Idol or two? But lately, I hear, Mr. Jenkins came upon a scarce broken idol in black granite, a vastly curious piece, the legs joined together and arms outstretched. Diodorus tells us, as your lordship will remember, that Daedalus the sculptor first made the legs apart, so that this piece would seem to be of a greater antiquity than Daedalus himself, although Homer makes mention of him in the Iliad: your lordship will doubtless recall the passage. [XVIII, 590, Ed. S.R.]

And this leads me to ask your lordship whether your lordship wishes for Conisford House any such painted scenes from the Trojan War as I have executed for my Lord Shelburne at Shelburne House? (3) Or a landscape or two would have a fine effect, and your lordship should have them very moderate, as long as I have the happiness of being your lordship's agent. It would have a noble effect should I paint a picture of every scene in which the gods and heroes of your lordship's Gallery should appear, as, Volumnis entreating Coriolanus for the Safety of Rome, above the groupes I have mentioned; Minerva putting the Trojans to flight, above our Phidian goddess; or Hadrian mourning for Antinous upon the Nile, above the Antinous Silvanus.

If your lordship will favour me with your thoughts upon this subject, I shall do my best to carry out your lordship's wishes: and have this day bought off the Pope's Antiquary with my new busto of Pluto (a most rare piece) to permit the Minerva to go to your lordship in England. The Coriolanus I priced so high, that I am satisfied His Holiness will not be for giving the sum, £700; but your lordship shall have it £100 cheaper, that being my duty as your lordship's agent and most humble servant to command.

GAVIN HAMILTON.

Postscriptum.—I have this day been honoured with an order for a busto from your lordship's brother, the Hon. Mr. Thomas Mousehold, one of H.B.M.'s Ministers at Paris. Your lordship may rest assured that I shall in all things show myself his Excellency's obliged humble servant in these as in all other matters.—G.H.

(a) A sinister light upon Gavin Hamilton's proposal is shown by the allusion in Smith's *Nollekens* to the factory of cameos which Jenkins' men had set up in a part of the ruins of the Colosseum, a handful of which that notorious person gave to Nollekens "to say nothing about the matter," and Nollekens took them.—Ed. S.R.

(b) There is a fine field for archaeological conjecture here; but Mr. A. M. Samuel in his life of Piranesi has expressed doubts about the whole story of Hamilton's excavations at this place and on the site of the Garden of Mæcenas, then covered by the Villa Montalto.—Ed. S.R.

(c) A curious and prophetic discovery this, since the subject has only been known for ten years or so.—Ed. S.R.

(1). Horace Walpole's letter to H. S. Conway, 18th Aug., 1774.—Ed., S.R.

(2). No such statue can now be traced. The statue mentioned by Pliny is of bronze.—Ed. S.R.

(3). Now Lansdowne House.—Ed. S.R.

CURIOSITIES OF CLEARANCE.

FOR years we have dealt with the same first-class old-established haberdashers, but, needless to say, the prevailing prices have greatly curtailed our custom. The exaltation of wages and the depression of income are the natural causes when "Labour" demands ten bites out of one cherry. Our old friends, Messrs. Yarnfold and Fleecer, have been unable to oblige us, and as they are far above the vulgarity of "sales," we have been driven piecemeal into inferior markets. But an idea suddenly seized our imagination. Surely they must have kept some reserve of pre-war oddments which they might care to clear. With awkward diffidence we asked this question of the Divinity behind the counter that shapes our ends (of laundress-lacerated shirts), and we were comforted by the reply. There were a few such precious parcels at the disposal only of long-standing customers. Most eagerly we proceeded to inspect them. Some pre-war doeskin gloves were being given away—of perfect fit and perfect, hand-stitched material. But, alas, they had one superficial drawback; their colour was dark-green. The Divinity explained that these (which had been in brisk request during King Edward's happy reign) were originally made to match the soft, once fashionable dark-green Homburg hats. There was no real objection, he artfully added, to their hue. The green, he observed, was *very* dark. Why not dark-green as well as dark-grey or dark-violet? Of course, had they been of any other colour—this he *did* admit—they could not have been thus scattered to the winds which impoverishment raises. There was only one parcel of half-a-dozen left at a price for "the lot," which decency forbids us to record. There they were; "such an opportunity would not occur again," and at current prices they would be worth quite fifteen shillings a pair. By instinct we hesitated, but by the law of adaptation we were lost. Save for the verdant splendour of them, they were incomparable. After all, "why not dark-green?" People like ourselves could afford a *cachet* of this description. We should, as it were, be setting the fashion in an age of standardisation when standards are evaporating. We began actually to luxuriate in the idea. Green gloves should be our good. We felt an enthusiasm for green gloves as intense as Goldsmith's hero for green spectacles. The Divinity eyed us with a basilisk smile, and in a twinkling the green gloves were ours.

Our appetite thus whetted, we craved for more. What else had the Tempter in miraculous reserve? He produced another parcel of the silk-and-wool underwear known as "pants." O rapture, three pairs for practically nothing—the finest quality gratis—fruit, so to speak, as "refreshing" as the Health Insurance Bill. Here again the paltry prejudice about patterns intervened. The articles in question were as parti-coloured as Joseph's coat. After all, what did it matter? Nobody would see them; the fit, the material were admirable, and though they looked rather like the things worn by the pantomime Pantaloon from whom their trade name is abbreviated, they were so luxurious a bargain as to be irresistible. "Why not?"—it was the old question of the serpent in Eden. Such is the influence of atmosphere that we fell at once. The pantaloons were ours.

What next? There were Indian cashmere vests, dark-brown, but of paragon quality, unprocurable now anywhere at any price. And well-called "cashmere," for the mere cash demanded was a bagatelle. These too gravitated inexorably towards us. And there were gloves—made for the tropics—with silk backs and dogskin fronts—so useful, the Divinity suggested, for gardening. If only we had a garden, but we haven't. So useful, then, he vouchsafed to invent, for dusting the books in our "library." If only in homage to the Divinity's diplomacy, we could hardly refuse. Catherine of Russia, before she became Empress, was named "Madame la ressource." But what was she to this Divinity behind the counter? Packet on packet he drew forth with an epicurean smile, as who should say, "These curiosities are gems of the first water, never to be matched again. Take them or leave them:

it is one to omnipotence." There were figured satin ties glowing like a map of Europe re-transformed by the League of Nations. There were black silk gloves, warm in winter and cool in summer. There were bandana silk handkerchiefs which made the nose blush to regard, but assuaged it by contact. There was blue-striped underwear of unparalleled texture. There were ready-made cambric white ties with just the suspicion of a pattern in them. But here we drew the line: thus far and no further, and even the Divinity agreed with a *moue* of deferent cynicism. No, these were scarcely for us.

So now we possess green gloves, parti-coloured and blue striped whatsitsnames, swart Indian vests, tropical and black silk gloves, satin negroid ties, bandana kaleidoscopic handkerchiefs. Thus Homer catalogued the ships. Thus Pandora clutched her box. Thus Autolycus dispersed his wares. It is the way to found a museum.

CORRESPONDENCE

FOURTEEN POINTS: WHY THE TURK SHOULD STAY.

- SIR,—1. Beaconsfield said, "If the Turk did not exist in Constantinople, we should have to invent him."
2. Lord Palmerston said, "That in his day the Turk had progressed more during the previous half century, than any nation in Europe."
3. Von Moltke said that the Great Battle of the World would take place at Constantinople. With the Turks, whom we learned to prize and know in the Crimea, at our side, we need not fear that battle.
4. The British Officers in the Crimea said, if they were not to lead Englishmen, they would rather lead Turks than any men in the world.
5. It was generally said, when war broke out, that the Turks were told they were going to fight the Russians, as their German leaders knew they would not fight against the English.
6. It is said that the Turks do not like any European Nation (why should they?) but that they like the English better than any other.
7. It is said by those who know anything of the matter that the so-called National Party at Constantinople represents neither the Turkish Nation nor the Sultan. It is almost composed of the Young Turk Party, who are still under German influence, and who are, at the present moment, rousing Egypt against us.
8. It is said in the East that it takes three Jews to deceive an Armenian. This being so, how would the average British official care to tackle the Armenians?
9. It is said that the Turk can work and fight on an onion a day. Would this not favour him as an Ally in the eyes of the Food Controller?
10. The Turk may not be loved by the Arab and the Armenian, the Jew and the Greek, the Circassian or the Cosmopolitan, but they all love him more than they love each other. If we turn out the Turk, might we not find the whole of the rest up in arms against us?
11. It is said that the Turk has the most liberal-minded government in the World. The Greek and the Jew are equally favoured by him, yet the one is Christian, the other is not. When the Armenian is hated, it is because he is Armenian, not because he is Christian. In the Turkish Cabinet you may find at the same time a Turk and a Kurd, a Jew and an Arab, a Smyrniot and a Levantine, and in most Cabinets you will find an Armenian.
12. The Bolshevik is on his way to Egypt. Our Fleet has gone to the Black Sea to keep him back, but as the Bolshevik has neither the will nor power to cross the Black Sea, he means to reach Egypt either by the Balkans or the Carpathians. Will either Armenian or Bulgar raise a hand to

keep him back? The Turk, under Osman Digna, kept back the Russian in 1877. If need be, he would do it again.

13. If Whitehall sent a clever man with a clever staff to Constantinople, the Turk might be with us again to the death, as he was in the Crimea.
14. Some day, for her sins, England may be called upon to decide between Armenians, Arabs, Kurds and Circassians. Then even our enemies may be sorry for England.

P.S.—A generation ago the Turkish Fleet was commanded by Hobart Pasha; the Turkish Army by Valentine and Charles Baker Pasha; the Ottoman Bank by Sir Edgar Vincent; the Turkish Black Sea Lifeboat Fleet by Captain Palmer. Woods Pasha was in high favour at the Sultan's Councils, and the British Merchant Princes of Constantinople carried all the commercial line before them. Who is to blame that this is not the case in the present day?

CONSTANCE SUTCLIFFE MARRIOTT.

COUNCIL TEACHERS.

SIR,—As one who knows something of elementary schools, I venture to criticise Mr. Stephen Coleridge's letter in your issue of the 7th February.

His statements as to the potency of "the voice of the teacher of the children of England," and his power "to make or mar the whole Empire" need some discounting, though they embody a truism which is fully recognised by all who are interested in elementary education; and the notion that the children's "political beliefs are moulded and fixed for good and all by the teachers" is surely absurd.

And what Mr. Coleridge writes about the isolation of teachers applies only to the country teacher, who, he says, "probably has a mind possessing as much information and sometimes more real cultivation than that of the squire of the village." It is, however, difficult to recognise the ordinary country teacher in this description, for unfortunately, owing to his limited and stereotyped education, he has not had opportunities for enlarging his mental horizon, or for gaining experience in any department of life. But, as a rule, he is content with his neighbours' society, and that of his social equals, though they may be few in number, and even as low in the social scale as the "local grocer, baker, and draper," whom Mr. Coleridge considers so vastly inferior to him.

Again, every one knows the importance of inculcating reverence in the child's mind, and that he should be taught, as Mr. Coleridge says, "to reverence something" (to which I would add—and some one), and it seems absurd to depict the teacher soured by isolation as a man who will "teach the children to reverence nothing." But such teaching does not rest with the teacher, for there is abundant scope for it indirectly in the school literature which treats of great and noble lives, in talks on great men and great events of the day, and in recitations, etc. These cannot fail to impress children susceptible of influence. What better evidence of this is needed than the devotion to duty and self-sacrifice shown by the lower rank of men in the war, all of whom have been through the elementary schools? Nothing speaks more strongly of the good work done by teachers.

But that the Council teacher should "without a moment's delay" be "placed socially and financially in a position beside the doctor, rector and squire," and receive "at least £600 a year," is a rather large order. In the first place, Mr. Coleridge seems to overestimate the intrinsic value of the average teacher, and secondly, he seems to be unaware of the recent struggle of teachers to obtain adequate salaries, and their difficulties in obtaining full consideration of their case.

That "to become a board school teacher should be made a career worthy to be attained by men from the Universities" is certainly to be desired, but it is a counsel of perfection until both the training of such men for the work (for teaching is at last recognised as a science) and the financial prospects are sufficiently tempting. In the past the teaching profession has

been insufficiently paid, and its position inadequately recognised, and, as a consequence, it has not attracted the best material. Teachers should have a recognised status in the Civil Service—for what more valuable civil service is there than theirs? They must be better paid, and receive more honours; no professor deserves better of the State. There would then be no lack of competent candidates for elementary school teaching.

E. A. HELPS.

SIR,—There is much truth in Mr. Coleridge's letter under the above heading. Anyone who has had much to do with children attending Elementary Schools must be struck by the great influence exercised by their teachers on their ideas and manners. It is much more marked than in Secondary Schools. Further, few will deny that on the whole the influence is less wholesome and civilizing than it was thirty or forty years ago. He suggests as a remedy that the Council teacher should be placed "financially in a position beside the doctor, the rector and the squire. He should receive a salary of at least £600 a year, rising by merit to £1,000 or more." Surely Mr. Coleridge, however full his knowledge of school teachers may be, can have no sort of notion of the "financial position" of most of the clergy. The average income of the beneficed man, not counting curates, is something under £300 a year, and the highest estimate I have seen of what ought to be counted "a living wage" for the rector or vicar of a large parish is £450.

As to social position, that depends on the man. The wealthy and educated laity do not look down on a clergyman because he has less than £200 a year, and they would think no better of him if he were fortunate enough to reach the £600 salary which Mr. Coleridge seems to imagine would entirely change the social outlook of the schoolmaster.

It is quite true that schoolmasters are not generally favourites in society. I have been one myself, and know how sore a point it is with them. I fear it has been partly our own fault. We find it hard, after dealing with boys who look upon us as treasuries of wisdom and knowledge, and have been only too ready to laugh at our feeblest jokes, to lay aside the school-manner, when we are with men and women as clever and in their own way as well-informed as ourselves.

Nothing would improve the schoolmaster so quickly as to mix more freely with intellectual equals who are not in his own profession. But he is not, like the clergyman, and to a still greater extent the doctor, brought into close relation with all classes. Then in numberless country parishes, particularly in the north and east and midlands, there is no "squire," only the farmers, increasing in numbers, who own the land they till. I fear no increase of pay will ever ensure to the country schoolmaster a wide choice of cultured and refined friends.

RETIRED SCHOOLMASTER.

THE CHURCH AND CURRENT BELIEF.

SIR,—I entirely agree with all that Nomadic Doctor said on this subject in your edition of February 21st.

I was horrified when I first read the 39 articles to think that any man should be asked to subscribe to them, in the present century. The usual evolution of a man's ideas on religion is as follows:—First he believes in whatever religious dogmas he has been taught as a child; most people do not get beyond this, and merely are Christians, Jews, Mahomedans, Buddhists, &c., according to the accident of their birth into such a religion. Those who use their brains, however, soon discover that the dogmas they have been taught are, to put it mildly, rather improbable. Then, unfortunately, they think the whole subject of religion is rubbish, and turn atheists or agnostics.

The agnostic is a reasonable attitude, the atheist is as blind as the believer in dogmas, as anyone who uses his eyes and brains sees that everything, from the infinitely small to the infinitely great, is made with such infinite love, wisdom and power, that it is not chance, but some infinite mind which has planned all.

The agnostic often also comes to this conclusion,

and it is now being taken up by science, which talks of "the first great cause," although in Darwin's time the materialistic conception of the universe was more usual.

As I understand it, the Church has lost hold of the people, and cannot get men to become clergymen, because they cannot subscribe to its dogmas, to put it bluntly, do not believe them.

Why not drop all these dogmas and frankly make the Church a scientific society searching for knowledge of God? Science and religion both acknowledge that behind all phenomena there is an all-wise power.

As far as science and religion have yet got, they can formulate axioms, laws or theories, which should hold for the present. But all members of the clergy should be free to discuss, and if they arrive at some new axiom or theory, there should be a meeting, and if approved of, the axiom be incorporated into the Church, and laws which have been found wanting, abandoned.

In fact, the Church should work on the lines of any other learned society and keep abreast with the latest discoveries, not cling to obsolete dogmas, long since refuted.

I would suggest for the present some such axioms as these:—The universe is permeated with a universal mind, from which all living things come, and to which they all return. This mind is eternal, as is matter. All is eternal changing and permutation, this mind mingling with all living things. There was no beginning, nor will there be any end. This mind is God, whom we must worship and adore, but never ask to change anything, as He is perfect and does all in perfection. What we think evil is merely our not knowing the whole, and our intellects not being equal to grasp the whole. All is ordained, and nothing can be changed.

Then a code of ethics should be added to these new "39 articles," such as "love all as yourself," "treat every living thing as your brother" (this is taken from the Buddhists; the Christian ethics ignore animal suffering in their religion; only man is to be loved as yourself.)

Perhaps some of your readers would tell us what they think of my new "39 articles," and how they could be improved. My idea is to try to found a universal religion, founded on science, embodying what is good in every religion, and throwing out all dogmas and mythology.

PANTHEIST.

EPSTEIN'S CHRIST.

SIR,—I too have seen Epstein's Christ, and I do not agree with a word your art critic writes about it. I am not an art critic, and know nothing of "the jargon of the mart." But I declare that the bronze figure of Jesus at the Leicester Gallery is a horror, an outrage to art and to religion. As to the lower part of the figure, which suggests, with terrible and unartistic realism, the cerements of the charnel-house, it filled me with loathing. The face and head and hands excited my rage, for it is a Hohenzollern head. There is the high receding forehead, the long semi-aquiline nose, and the sneering, angry, underlip, which are the marks of that detestable Prussian brood. The hands are the large cruel hands of a tyrant. This the Man of Sorrows! Why, it is the Crown Prince complaining of a battle-wound from the French pig-dogs!

VERITAS.

FUNNY PUSSY.

SIR,—Mr. Adkins's letter is distinctly amusing. We are attacking Prohibition, are we?

I fondly imagined that some months since the world was placarded with announcements that the United States having arrived at that necessary stage of moral and political purity of which the outcome is Prohibition, the surplus energy of the movement was to be diverted to the British Isles, with a view to wiping the floor with (what they were pleased to call) the Drink Traffic.

And now Mr. Adkins charges us with attacking Prohibition. It would be as reasonable to charge the householder with attacking the burglar or the traveller

the footpad. We are out to defend ourselves against what we consider is an attempt to steal what is ours, and are not particularly concerned at the way the spoilers look at our efforts.

As to the permanence of Prohibition in the United States (we may hope for it, even though faith may fail), if its effects are as detailed, any fear of a Yankee capture of the world's trade seems somewhat unlikely. A nation which is so lacking in robustness as to allow its liberties to be filched and its social habits determined as the workers there appear to be content to let them be, is little likely to be the leader in anything.

J. M. HULLS.

SIMIANS AS SERVANTS.

SIR,—While greatly appreciating the suggestions in Mr. A. Alcock's facetious letter with its hits at all-assuming democracy, there is, I think, little danger of the story of the baboon "Jack," leading to the employment of monkeys in lieu of domestic servants, however more desirable in some respects than many of the human species, by virtue of their unsophistication. In some countries where monkeys abound, the natives never doubt that they are incarnations of lost souls, i.e., evil spirits. Such an advanced theological system as Roman Catholicism seems at one with this aboriginal view. I once read in a tract of a Roman Catholic gentleman who had a monkey which, as the old sailors believe, could apparently do everything but talk. The owner, a worldly-minded man, who yet recited a prayer every day, told a priest who was dining with him, of the extraordinary capabilities of his monkey. "Take care," said the priest, "perhaps it is not a monkey." The monkey was called for, but could nowhere be found. At last he was discovered hiding under a bed.

"Infernal beast, come forth!" said the priest: upon which the monkey came out, and confessed that he was the devil, and had orders from God the first time his owner omitted to say his prayer, to strangle him and take his soul to hell. After making this confession, the monkey vanished, leaving a horrible stench and a hole in the wall. In earlier years I treated this story in a spirit of levity impossible to me now, having learned the presumption of fixing any limits to possibility. In their eagerness to annihilate that exasperating barrier to their empirical claims in cerebral localization of conscious function—phrenology, the vivisectioning physiologists assert that size of brain bears no relation whatever to mental power. As the simian brain is about one-fifth in volume to the average human, they may supersede the human in mental capacities. Perhaps that is why they are too wise to talk lest they should be made to work. Vivisectioners also claim increasing attainments in grafting living organs. When they can graft a monkey's head on to a human body, and a human head on to a monkey's body, and keep both subjects alive for a sufficient length of time, it will be found that the simian head will reduce the human body to the simian equation; and the human head will raise the simian body to the human equation.

The phenomena of the ascending catena of species from simian to human admit of the possibility of the reverse construction to the Darwinian, namely, that simians are human degenerates by cumulative descent through countless generations. Mr. Ben Tillett recently gave a lecture in Bristol on "The Future of Democracy." Reason shows everyone possessed of it, what democracy must result in if followed far enough, namely, through Bolshevik savagery to aboriginal savagery, and thence to quite speechless anthropoid simians. The faces of monkeys are not nearly so disgusting and repulsive as those of some Bolsheviks—Jacob Peters, for example, who, arraigned for murder in England, escaped conviction, and being sent to his native Russia by the Russian Delegate Committee in 1917, was soon responsible for the murder of hundreds of men and women in Moscow. The face of Lenin suggests a soul incarnated when drunk with the foulest sensuality of the bottomless pit. As to democracy, and the highly moralising effects which ministers of religion tell us will result from the war;

a few weeks ago a person died in Bristol because a chemist would not dispense a prescription after closing time. Goethe rightly says:

"The devil is selfish, very selfish;

Does nothing for God's sake or from good-nature."

From the revelations of many spook-mongers, this world might be peopled by angels of light; but, as a man remarked to me the other day, "There are some fairly black angels in this world without going farther." If multitudes of human beings are not foregone devils, it would be interesting to know what depth of flagitious turpitude is necessary to constitute a devil?

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

MURDER STUNTS—A PROTEST.

SIR,—The outbreak of crime and violence that appears, notwithstanding official denials, to be sweeping the country, should give material for thought as to its causes. One is, no doubt, the moral deterioration that always follows war.

There may, however, be additional causes. The power of suggestion on undeveloped and immature minds is very insidious, and in the case of boys brought before the Courts, it is constantly found that the offences committed have been suggested and inspired by reading penny dreadfuls, or newspaper reports of crime.

In this matter the press has a serious responsibility which seems to be hardly sufficiently realised by newspapers of a certain class. It is, of course, necessary to print reports of crimes, but it seems scarcely necessary to make them the most conspicuous subjects in the paper, with enormous headlines and every device to attract attention. One weekly paper, not content with the relation of all the present-day murders and robberies (and there are enough of them in all conscience) specialises in accounts of notorious criminals of the past and their doings.

When such matters are provided as mental food for the budding youth of the country, it is clearly of vital importance how the moral values are presented, in view of the possibility that these highly sensational and dramatically written stories may leave very undesirable impressions on youthful readers.

In a recent *réchauffé* of the Crippen case three things are noticeable; no direct condemnation is expressed of the crime, no pity or sympathy is shown for the victim, and the character of the murderer is put in the most favourable light possible, and his talents and courage are praised.

The story is described as being "romantic" and "vividly interesting," and the murderer is stated to be a man "capable of inspiring and sharing a great passion," and as regards one of his letters to Miss le Neve, it is said that it breathes "the very spirit of lofty passion."

Although nothing transpired in evidence as to the disposition of the unfortunate murdered wife of this paragon, it is suggested that she *may* have been "selfish, vain, and frivolous," though it is admitted that she had friends who were apparently attached to her. Very little further mention is made of her, as she does not seem to have been possessed of the "romantic" and "vividly interesting" qualities of her murderer.

The question is then discussed as to how Crippen might have evaded detection but for his unwise decision to travel with Miss le Neve, which led to his arrest. During the trial we are told that "masterly and brilliant as were the legal speeches made, they were not more masterly and brilliant than the way Crippen stood the terrible cross-examination."

Then follows an eloquent eulogy of his conduct in prison, and touching extracts from his farewell letters to Miss le Neve. And so the youthful and unwary reader is carried along, until the execution of such a heroic personage is made to appear almost a tragedy.

It is perhaps not surprising that crime increases when it is put before the rising generation in such attractive guise, and it might be advisable for certain sections of the press to realise the power for good or evil of the manner in which such things are presented to the public.

M. G. C.

REVIEWS

PALMY DAYS OF CANNES.

The Manners of My Time. By C. L. H. Dempster. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a pleasant contrast to the innumerable volumes of twaddling and pointless memoirs which have recently been published. It is not enough (as publishers seem to think) for a writer to have met interesting people—he or she must be able to write about them in an interesting way, as Miss Dempster does. Hers was a practised pen, for she wrote novels, articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'The Maritime Alps,' besides being a witty and well-bred woman. A niece of Dempster of Skibo Castle (which was sold to Carnegie), after an early life in the Highlands, Miss Dempster and her sister migrated in middle life to the sunny south; and finally settled in the eighties at Cannes, where she knew everybody who was anybody, in days when royalties, statesmen, and celebrities of all nations spent their winters on the Riviera. Before passing into what was a veritable El Dorado, Miss Dempster's opening chapters will delight the great clan Mackenzie. For she tells of famous Highland Castles, Dunrobin, Beaufort, and Brahan, and of that great lady, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, grandmother of Lady St. Helier and Lady Tweeddale and the present Seaforth. The first and second duchesses of Sutherland come into the picture; and the feud between Dunrobin and Brahan reminds us of recent events, and the permanence of Highland hatreds. Miss Dempster gives us two instances of clan loyalty to the chief. Thousands of people came from the Lews and every corner of Rosshire to follow the hearse of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie from Brahan to the canonry church at Fortrose, a distance of fifteen miles. When Hugh Lord Lovat and Dempster of Skibo were about to be rowed over a loch or river, a long quarrel in Gaelic between three boatmen preceded their starting, and was ended by the departure of one. It was then explained to Skibo—"Lovat is deaf, and so I'll tell ye," said the boatman,—that the great grandfather of the man had sold Simon Fraser to the English soldiers, and so they wouldn't allow him to get into the same boat with Lovat! But it is at Cannes, between 1880—go, that the interest of these reminiscences centres. How the upper classes, the kings and the captains of every country, did hate and fear Gladstone, and with what reason! He had just returned triumphant from Midlothian; the chapel-bell-and-Clerkenwell explosion speech still rang in men's ears; he had just passed his first Land Act, and was beginning his fatal series of concessions to Parnell. It was a troubled time in France too: the expulsion of the Orleanist princes was on the carpet and Grévy was trying conclusions with the Rothschilds. Suddenly the Devil appeared in Paradise. Gladstone and his wife, followed by a cloud of detectives, headed by Sir Edmund Henderson and Howard Vincent of the C.I.D., descended at Cannes station. "Meta Suttie says she thinks of taking a basket of rotten eggs to the station. We might be able to offer her a dead rat that was killed in the kitchen last night; but other people propose red cloth and bouquets." The sharp-eyed lady notices, on driving up to the Wolvertons' villa, where Gladstone was staying, that the carriage door is opened by a detective dressed as a butler, a fair moustache betraying him. "It seems that I had said to Miss Gladstone that Catherine Phillimore had two wild adorations: Charles I and Mr. Gladstone, and that it was very lucky those persons could never meet, except in her heart, as the one would certainly have cut off the other's head"—rather witty that. They seem to have been much more frightened by the Trafalgar Square riots in 1887 at Cannes than we were in London, for there the great and gilded ones trembled as at an approaching "Commune," and wondered if the Duke of Westminster would dare to go home! The Comte de Paris, "looking very dragged and yellow," said that all countries were mad, but England the maddest of

all, for there "*les grands sont fous*." Professor (now Lord) Bryce saunters and discusses the proof-sheets of 'American Democracy' with Lord Acton, and asks Miss Dempster if she has a bad opinion of French democracy, which she has, very. Prof. Bryce admits that "very soon in England also the educated man like himself would be obliged to retire from the contests of a political career; no man capable and cultivated could stand for two or three elections." If Lord Bryce said this in 1886, what would he say to-day? Evelyn Ashley too turns up, having lost his seat, after thirty years' tenure, in the election of '86, very bitter, denouncing Gladstone, Randolph Churchill, and the influence of the Jews, on which the shrewd Miss Dempster comments that she is glad Lord Rosebery had got a Jewess for his wife, "as her people would try to keep him straight. The Jews are never ignorant and never rash, and we might see fewer Egyptian campaigns, and other eccentricities in future," a subtle observation, but not confirmed by events. There is a vivid and amusing picture of the departure of the Emperor of Brazil from Cannes. The little station was crowded with all the Royal families of Europe: there were Braganzas, and Bourbons, and Hohenzollerns, and Hapsburgs, and Romanoffs, and there was a ceaseless curtsying, and hand-kissing, and bowing. A dowdy little English lady had wandered into the scene by accident, and asked Miss Dempster if all the fuss "was about anybody in particular," on which she was told that "half the Almanac de Gotha is present. That dumpy little woman in black, with an ear-trumpet and a long nose, is actually a daughter of Louis Philippe," etc., etc. These families are gone, the emperors and princes and princesses, with their ceremonious manners and Freemasonry, no one knows where. They have vanished like a wraith. Do our fires burn the brighter, or is the world better governed? Cannes will never see that society again, though its natural charms will probably continue to attract the company promoters and shipowners who now own the earth and its fatness.

There is a chapter describing the Chateau d'Abondant, and its owners, the Duke and Duchess of Vallombrosa. Accustomed to what in Scotland they call "the wummun hoose" Miss Dempster is astonished to find that in this huge French castle there are only three female servants, two lady's maids and a nurse. There are chapters devoted to the death of the Duke of Albany at Cannes; to a most interesting biographical sketch of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish throne in 1870 was the occasion of the Franco-German war; and to the sad story of the last days at San Remo of the Emperor Frederick.

THE BOLSHEVIKS.

The Bolshevik Adventure. By John Pollock. Constable. 7s. 6d.

IT is a pity that Mr. Pollock's style of writing is not better: some of the confusion of Russia appears to have crept into the construction of his sentences, the following one being characteristic:—

"Disguise—a life in hiding—an assumed identity: these are the concomitants of everyday life as depicted in the exciting novels of Mr. Max Pemberton, but, outside of them, had not come my way before, and I should have expected that they would form a medium, in which, did one ever find oneself there, it would be hard to behave with any approach to ease and naturalness." On page 189, "a poor secondhand lady's fur cape" is an amusing instance among several badly arranged phrases.

Apart from such minor defects as these, the book is a magnificent and crushing indictment of the Bolsheviks by one who has lived under their misrule for nearly sixteen months. No other work on the subject has conjured up for us such a vivid picture of the loathsome misery and degradation to which Communism can drag a country: greed, cruelty, fear and treachery—these constitute the very atmosphere breathed to-day in Holy

Russia; and yet there are quite a number of people here who wish to import the system into this country!

We gather that until the Revolution of November, the author worked on the Red Cross Committee: when the others left the country, however, he stayed on, though he should have left with them. One day in the summer of 1918, he was told by a friend that the Red Guards were in possession of his rooms at the hotel. From that date he lived under a disguise and an assumed name. He got employment as a producer of plays, and to attain membership in the second food category he joined the "Professional Union of Workers in Theatrical Undertakings." He worked in this capacity first at Moscow, and afterwards at Petrograd until January, 1919, when he decided to risk an attempt at escape into Finland. Failure spelt almost certain death: on the day fixed, after all the preparations for the journey had been made, he called at the flat of the "agent" who was assisting him, only to find it in the hands of the Red Guards. The story of his arrest and subsequent escape to Finland makes as thrilling reading as any of the Scarlet Pimpernel's adventures.

The book begins dully, increasing in interest throughout until it reaches a climax of excitement in the last chapter.

The chapter on 'Russia and the Ukraine' is rather involved, and the endless lists of prices in the one on 'Hungry Petrograd' would be tedious reading to any but the enthusiastic housewife. 'My Last Journey,' describing a railway trip from Petrograd to Saratoff in December, 1918, is a most amusing chapter: after his experiences in Russia, Mr. Pollock must be astounded to hear the complaints of his fellow-countrymen about the British railway services.

The strength of the book lies in its sincerity and in the author's eagerness that, through him, others should be brought to share his hatred for Bolshevism. There has been too much heard lately of that pitifully feeble cry, "We know nothing about Russia: one can't believe the newspapers!" Mr. Pollock's book should stop this bleating.

CATHOLIC ARCHITECTURE.

Westminster Cathedral and its Architect. By Winifrede de l'Hôpital, with 160 illustrations. 2 vols. Hutchinson. £3 3s. net.

TOO often it has happened in the history of human endeavour that the greatness of the masterpiece reveals all that we are allowed to know of the personality of its author; his life, his character and even his name being buried in baffling obscurity. Such, fortunately, will not be the case with what is admittedly one of the greatest products of human genius in our time, and fit to rank with the grand architectural monuments of ages past. For of Westminster Cathedral we have already the life of the founder, Cardinal Vaughan, and now we have placed in our hands the life-story of its architect, John Francis Bentley.

This consideration gives us the key-note of these two massive volumes, the first of which is devoted to the story of the planning, building and adornment of the Cathedral itself, the second to the gradual development of the mind which planned it, and the heart which sustained and fired so great an undertaking. Both volumes are replete with the technical details of architectural description to an extent which might well at first sight daunt the plain man; nevertheless his patience will be rewarded, and his attention sustained throughout by the dominant interest in the personality described. For the work before us has this unusual and almost unique quality that it is a labour of love, the revelation of the interior life of a man by one most intimate, the tribute of a daughter to the memory of her father. Such an undertaking is, in respect of literary effort, perilous; it would seem almost inevitable that tenderness of affection would mar soundness of judgment, so that we should look for biography but hardly expect the balance and detachment called for in such a work as this. But it is the very fact that this

peril has been faced and overcome so completely, that, on the technical and intellectual side, the work might have been composed by an architect having no relation to Bentley, and this it is which gives a special attraction to these 700 pages. There is but one trace of feeling that might perhaps be deprecated: a certain sensitiveness lest, in arranging for the interior completion of the Cathedral, the present or future authorities may be lacking in loyalty to the ideals of the architect. Of this we may observe that, in the planning and construction of the fabric itself, it is admitted that the actual result was the outcome of the contact of two great personalities. Bentley again and again yielded to Vaughan, sometimes perhaps he was unfairly overruled or even treated with lack of due consideration. Nevertheless, it is manifest that two minds were at work, not one. It is surely too much to expect that the letter of Bentley's directions and sketches incompletely worked out should now and always without question prevail.

One other feature of general interest there is pervading these volumes which will be specially welcome to Catholics and those who are acquainted with the Catholic life of London. This is the record, running like a thread through so many pages of otherwise somewhat heavy detail, of the struggles of Catholic priests and people to provide worthy places of worship, from the time of Wiseman until this present. Bentley has left the mark of his genius all around, and in reading his life, we make a tour with renewed interest of very many spots and shrines most dear to the Catholic heart.

Particularly interesting is the record of the hopes and endeavours of Wiseman and Manning to prepare the way for the glorious achievement of Vaughan and Bentley at Westminster.

This leads on to the story of the undertaking itself, and the momentous decision that the wisest thing to do would be "to build the principal Catholic church in England in a style which was absolutely primitive Christian, which was not confined to Italy, England or any other nation, but was up to the ninth century spread over many countries." To a mind so thoroughly imbued with the principles and practice of Gothic architecture as the second volume shows Bentley's to have been, it was no easy matter to take up the threads of his early studies, and within the space of a few months of travel and observation, formulate the plan for a building which was to start a new era in the development of Christian architecture. Yet it was that which Bentley was asked to do, and no less a thing that he actually did.

The highway along which ideas have been found to travel from East to West lies along the great alluvial plain of North Italy. When Constantinople became New Rome, Milan became the Imperial centre of the West; in after times Ravenna, and later Venice, became all important nodal points in the chain of commerce, government and ideas. With unerring instinct Bentley found his first materials in the city and church of St. Ambrose. To St. Ambrose the Western Church owes the impress of Greek thought and tradition on its liturgy and its plain-song; in Sant'Ambrogio Bentley looked to find some clear trace of similar impress on the architecture of the West. After a short visit to Pisa and Florence and a somewhat lengthy visit to Rome, where he saw little that made any impression upon him, he turned his steps to Ravenna and Venice; and although his proposed itinerary was to take him to Constantinople, St. Mark's and Professor Lethaby's book on Sancta Sophia supplied all that he required. Returning without sketches or written notes, his mind was steeped in the principles of the art to which the Cathedral has given new life.

In former times the movement of early Romanesque carried across Southern France and down the Rhine, but to these shores it came only modified and transformed by Norman genius. Now at last, London, the Imperial city of the West, has caught the reflection of the ancient glory of Constantinople, Venice, Ravenna and Milan, not merely in its government and commerce, but also in the noblest outcome of wealth and

greatness, the splendour of the worship of God. To Bentley it was given to be for this city the last of the prophets of the Gothic revival and the precursor of the good things now to come.

A SOURCE OF ROMANCE.

From Ritual to Romance. By Jessie L. Weston. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

THE twelfth century was one of the great story-telling epochs of Western Europe. England, France, and Germany were beginning to recover from the effects of the Northern irruptions which died down in the first half of the eleventh century and were beginning to store the wealth which allowed the luxuries of pilgrimages and crusades. A new life sprang up on the great routes of traffic and with it the need for interest and entertainment on the road; national heroes were localised, and the sites of their famous deeds visited, local heroes were invented or transformed. In this way many of the *chansons de geste* grew up. After a time the invention of new stories took another direction, and longer tales in verse and prose show a conscious literary art in their form, and a diversity of presentation almost as great as that of the Greek tragic themes.

One of the most famous of these is the story of the Search for the Holy Grail, familiar to English readers of Malory, and to music-lovers from 'Parsifal' and 'Lohengrin.' Miss Weston has in her time rendered much service to students of literature by tracing the various forms in which the story has been told, and by showing that early forms of it were connected with the Abbeys of Fécamp and Glastonbury and with Lucca. These early forms have disappeared, and those we have are complete works of fiction, saturated with romantic elements—a land laid waste for some mysterious reason, a wounded king, a castle hidden from mortal view, a solemn feast and a sacred vessel seen on rare occasions. These are the object of a quest by a pre-destined searcher, and his failures and final success make up the story. It is a great work of art in either of its better forms, and it has influenced deeply the course of European fiction.

Most people would have been content to accept it as that, and have left it untouched. But some years ago the analytic spirit of the last century seized on students of the origins of literature. We all know that the fundamental types of story are comparatively few—the thirty-six dramatic situations for example—and that only novelty of treatment or of combination can be expected of an author. Any work of fiction, however modern, can be reduced to its elements and labelled accordingly, and much excellent work has been done by folk-lorists in reducing stories to their simplest forms. The earlier a tale comes in the history of fiction, the easier is this task. Stories, however, are not written in this way. An author combines unconsciously situations which arise in his mind from previous experience, either personal or literary, heard or suggested, and makes a new whole from them, though we are able to discern that this experience of his is similar to that of humanity in general. It is the new use that makes the novelty of the story.

Then a group of stupid-clever people took up the hunt. For example: in any early story one passes out of this every-day world into the land of the undying souls or fairies, by crossing a river (which typifies most probably death). The stupid-clever people at once, when they find a knight crossing a river in search of an adventure, assume that the author had this esoteric meaning in his mind. Now, the Grail story, when analysed by the folk-lorist, is refractory to his methods, and some of its elements are not primitive at all. Accordingly these students have divided themselves into two classes—one contending that the story is a perversion of Christian legend, the other that it is a perversion of folk-lore—each ignoring the fact that it is a work of imaginative art.

Miss Weston now arrives with a new solution. She has been reading some modern books on the origin of religions, and some imaginative books on the survival

of ancient mysteries. She has learnt that the worship of Mithras flourished in parts of Britain during the Roman occupation. She has been told on good authority that mysterious societies with rites of initiation still survive in this country and elsewhere. She quotes with equal acceptance Mr. Cornford, Mr. Chambers, Miss Harrison, and Mr. A. E. Waite, Mr. R. Falconnier, and Mr. G. R. S. Mead. As a result she has produced a theory according to which the Asiatic mysteries had an inner circle with a ritual, initiating the adept "into the secrets of life, physical and spiritual," connected with Atys, Adonis, and such-like heroes. This ritual, synthesized with Christianity and Mithras worship, travelled to Britain, "and when the struggle between Mithraism and Christianity ended in the definite triumph of the latter, by virtue of that dual synthetic nature, the higher ritual still survived (for seven centuries!), and was celebrated in sites removed from the centres of population—in caves, and mountain fastnesses; in islands, and on desolate sea-coasts," and the early fiction-writers of the twelfth century described events that might have happened then, nay, according to Miss Weston, are "actually possible to-day."

To such a point have an uncritical mind, and an unquestioning faith in the fabrications or delusions of modern theosophists, and the ignorant assertions of fortune-tellers, brought a student who bore a high reputation as a trustworthy copyist of ancient documents and a diligent collector of facts! But these extraordinary conclusions must not blind us to a fundamental question. In the Grail story we have a wounded and temporarily emasculated king, in sympathy with whom his whole land lies waste, only to become fertile again when he is cured. Sir James Frazer has taught us to believe that this connection between the physical health of a king and the fertility of his country, although forgotten in classic times, lay at the root of many of their ceremonies, and is still an article of faith in some savage lands. How did the idea recur to a writer in the twelfth century, if, as is certainly true, there was no literary tradition to suggest it? Was it a happy reconstruction built up from some peasant-fertility ceremony, like those recently described for ensuring good crops of apples, which lasted up to a few years ago?

MUSIC NOTES

DELIUS'S NEW DOUBLE CONCERTO.—The two works heard for the first time at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert last Saturday did honour to their composers and to British music. Although our heading mentions only one—the concerto being the longer and more elaborate—we may confess to having found almost as much to admire in the Hebridean sea-poem, 'The Sea-River,' which Professor Granville Bantock came forward to conduct at the opening of the concert. It is a bold, breezy piece full of life and swing and colour; while the persistent rhythm of the main subject (taken from a Hebridean folksong) is agreeably relieved by the suave passage which occurs in the middle. Nothing could well have been more striking than the contrast between this and Mr. Delius's new concerto for violin and violoncello—the one overflowing with brightness and vigour, the other a placid outpouring of profound sentiment and contemplative beauty even more restrained in its character than the violin concerto from the same pen recently repeated by Mr. Sammons. But in this tranquil charm there is a notable fascination; the flow of melody for the two solo instruments, with its undercurrent of poignant, ever-changing harmonies in the orchestra, goes on practically without ceasing. The distinction of the themes is not less remarkable than the skill and resource of their treatment. Here is a composer who has a style, a poetic grace, a mode of expression all his own; and the more he writes, the freer rein he gives to his delightful fancy, the more he impresses us with the value and interest of what he has to say. At the same time we scarcely think that the full import of what he has said in this concerto was brought out on Saturday. The Misses May and Beatrice Harrison are clever executants, but their tone is not powerful and their phrasing lacks authority, so that, even allowing for moments when Mr. Delius has made it hard for the soloists to stand out from their orchestral framework, there was a prevailing sense of weakness and of being over-weighted by an exacting task. It remains to be seen whether we shall feel this another time. Meanwhile, we have formed a very high opinion of the concerto and hope to hear it soon again. The remainder of a too lengthy programme included Dvorák's 'New World' symphony, a work which has an inappropriate title that sets people in the wrong mood for listening to it. This and Mr. Vaughan Williams's 'Norfolk Rhapsody,' No. 1, received entire justice from Sir Henry Wood and his band; while Mme. Kirkby Lunn invested with fitting dramatic significance Saint-Saëns's fine setting of Victor Hugo's 'Fiancée du Timbalier.'

THE BEECHAM OPERA SEASON.—The spring season at Covent Garden opened on Tuesday with 'Parsifal,' followed on Wednesday by Bizet's 'Fair Maid of Perth.' For the former the house had been sold out days in advance; for the latter Sir Thomas Beecham (in an interview which appeared on Sunday) anticipated "an indifferent house," and was therefore not disappointed. But why does he persist in giving this dull opera at all? And what ground has he for declaring that it counts among the real successes of the French repertoire? We quite agree with Sir Thomas that it is to be preferred to some of the specimens of musical comedy that run for months in London, but as an entertainment it is certainly less lively. Moreover, it is not altogether the press that is responsible for the public taste in this direction, and we think it a pity that Sir Thomas Beecham should have made the mistake of openly accusing the metropolitan critics of unfairness in praising musical comedy and "bludgeoning" his operatic productions. To begin with, it is not true; and, if it were, it might be explained by the fact that the same writers seldom go to both shows. Musical comedy is mostly dealt with by the dramatic critics, who know little about music, and opera by the musical critics, who know little about the drama. What we really fail to perceive is how Sir Thomas Beecham can consider himself entitled to more encouragement and flattery than he has already had here.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.—The stream of these things is once more in flood, and we can pick for notice only one here and there. Among the instrumentalists notable promise was shown by Miss Bessie Rawlins with the London Symphony Orchestra last week at Queen's Hall. She has still much work to do. A well-equipped violinist and a sympathetic player, she lacks the intellectual feeling and virility necessary for a work like the Brahms's Concerto, whilst possessing just the womanly grace and charm that befit the 'Tchaikowsky.' Intonation, attack, double-stopping, and clean finish alike merited approval; but Miss Rawlins's tone needs more power, and her playing more of the "divine spark." We hope time will yield her both. An interesting pianoforte recital was given by Mr. Howard Jones, a thoughtful and capable artist, with a style expressive and energetic yet restrained. He played many well-known works, and also a clever 'Fugue and Bacchanale' (first time) by Mr. Harry Farjeon. Another talented young pianist is Miss Joy Smith, who did extremely well in a chiefly modern programme that included Scriabin's 'Sonate Fantaisie,' Op. 19. Of the singers who have appeared during the last few days perhaps the best were Miss Beatrice Morgan and Miss Iselt Morice, albeit neither has yet touched the level of high accomplishment that commands true artistic success. Miss Morgan's charm lies in a light, delicate handling of pretty phrases; and Miss Morice owns a soprano voice of pure quality together with a useful and decided measure of temperament. Further careful study will help in both cases.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

Naval History and National History (J. Holland Rose). Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. net.
Number of Things (Poems) (Donald H. Lea). Cornish Bros. 4s. 6d. net.
New Voices (Marguerite Wilkinson). Macmillan, N.Y. \$2 net.
Nations and the League, The (Intro. by Sir G. Paish). Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Ousting Louise (Dr. J. Morgan de Groot). Stanley Paul. 7s. net.
Oxford, St. Bees, and the Front (H. B. K. Allpass). Werner Laurie. 5s.
People's Year Book. (Co-operative Press Agency). 3s. net.
Practical Hints on Playwriting (Agnes Platt). Stanley Paul. 3s. 6d.

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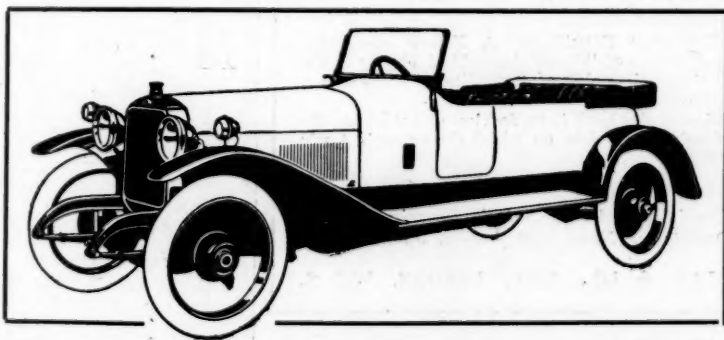
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MOTOR. NOTES

Since the Armistice there has been a remarkable extension of the popularity of the motor-cycle among the rank and file of motorists. While this has no doubt been largely due to the scarcity of new cars, the increased virtues of the modern motor-cycle has also had much to do with it. Every year naturally sees an army of recruits to the motoring fraternity who enter it by way of the motor-cycle. But many people who are now riding motor-cycles for the first season have had years of experience as car enthusiasts. Before the war few people who owned a car would look favourably upon the motor-cycle. Car owners, generally, regarded the motor-cyclist with good humoured tolerance, looking upon him as one who would do better if he could afford it. Now, however, the situation is very much changed. Motor-cycle reliability, which was a questionable factor to the car owner, has been amply proved under the most exacting forms of service. The car owner now very seldom passes a motor-cycle broken down on the road, and he has often to listen to his motor-cycling friends extolling the virtues of their mounts. If he has been persuaded to try an up-to-date motor-cycle on the road, he has most likely been surprised by its performance, handiness and general comfort. Should he be one to whom economy is a consideration, he has almost certainly been impressed by its small consumption of petrol and oil. The motor-cycle has, in fact, vastly improved during the past few years. Nothing very revolutionary in general design has taken place, but in those details which make or mar comfort, ease of control, and inoffensiveness to the general public, the car enthusiast can detect a very real advance. So, in quite large numbers, he has inclined himself favourably towards the post-war motor-cycle, and not a few men who years ago reclined in luxurious landaulettes and limousines may in these days be seen piloting the once despised side-car combination. What can one

promise the former car owner who, for one reason or another, is inclined to motor in future on the humbler type of machine? Mechanically, he can have practically every efficiency he enjoyed on his car. Provided that he makes choice of a suitable mount and keeps it in good order, reliability, power and speed are assured. The type of motor-cycle intended to take a side-car will contain practically all the main features he had on his car. The increased efficiency of motor-cycle engines and the attainment of several reliable forms of speed gears will leave him at no disadvantage with the car owner under any normal conditions of running. He will not find a reverse gear on his machine for the reason that one is not required, and one or two other features of his car will have disappeared rather to his advantage than otherwise. Such former motor-cycle disadvantages as inefficient belt drive, vibration, and excessive noise will be happily conspicuous by their absence. Provided that he drives properly, he will not find that the fact of his engine being air-cooled is a disadvantage; if he has ever suffered from cracked water jackets or leaking radiators he will consider it very much the reverse. Just in order not to occupy all one's space with the virtues of the motor-cycle to the exclusion of its inevitable shortcomings, one must mention the question of protection. No matter what figure the motor-cycle purchaser pays for his outfit—and he can give £260 for a side-car combination—he cannot assure the degree of comfort in bad weather that the humblest car will give him. His passenger, ensconced in a side-car of modern design, will be as well off as in a car. Wind screen, hood, side curtains, and similar refinements have rendered modern side-car travel quite tolerable in the worst of weathers. But with the driver of the side-car outfit it is very different. He is practically obliged to wear overalls even in fine weather, and in the winter very substantial protection in the way of oilskins or similar adornments are essential if he is not to be occasionally soaked.



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HOME & COLONIAL STORES

CONTINUED PROSPERITY.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd., was held on 19th inst., at 2 and 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., Mr. H. G. Emery presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. George J. Faro) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am sorry to tell you that, owing to a severe cold, our Chairman, Sir Charles Philipps, will not be with us to-day. You have all had the report of the directors and the accounts in your hands, and I presume you will as usual, take them as read.

You will, I think, agree that the report is a satisfactory one, and perhaps I cannot do better than quote from the *Times* the words they used in regard to it:—"The Home and Colonial Stores is still noteworthy for its long run of unbroken prosperity." Our profits for the last few years have only varied to the extent of a few thousands, either up or down; this year, as you will see, they are a little up.

The net profit for the year amounts to £249,289 15s. 1d., to which must be added £66,737 4s. 3d. brought forward from the previous year, making a total of £316,026 19s. 4d. We have added £25,000 to reserve, making the total reserve funds £475,000, and have paid in interim dividends £133,600, thus leaving an available balance of £157,426 19s. 4d.

With regard to the carry forward, some of you here may perhaps remember the time when our carry forward was only a few thousand pounds; to-day it is £85,427. It is good for you as shareholders to know we have made this large increase in our carry forward, and it is a satisfaction to us as directors, for in the case of a food company such as ours one can never be sure when we may come across a bad patch, and when it would be necessary to dip into this carry forward, but until that bad patch shows itself the Board hopes to be able to continue to increase this figure.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, so far I have been speaking of past history; I want now to say something about the year that is in front of us. Speaking only as regards the food position, I feel we are face to face with problems of considerable difficulty. A year ago it was thought that food would be cheaper, and at our last meeting here our Chairman expressed the hope, which we all shared, that soon there would be a substantial reduction in prices. But what has happened? Instead of prices being lower, they are higher. Unless the loaf subsidy is continued, the price of bread will be 1s. or more. Sugar, which to-day is selling at 8d., may be 1s. If you take the exchange into consideration, tea is being sold below the cost of production. As you know, the value of the rupee was 1s. 4d.; it is now 2s. 9d., and unless the value of the rupee comes down the price of tea must go up.

I would now ask you to look at the position of our own company—a food distributing company. Railway charges are up, and will add enormously to our traffic account. Last year the butter ration was 2 oz. per head; it is now 1 oz. The sugar ration was 12 oz. per head; it is now 6 oz. The quantity is halved, and the gross profit also is halved, and we have to meet increased overhead charges in the way of rent, taxes, wages, etc., on the smaller sales. The wages bill in our branches alone is to-day at the rate of £75,000 a year above last year. We are not despondent, however, for we have seen things look difficult before at the beginning of the year; but with the enthusiasm and loyalty which our staff, both at head office and in the branches, have always shown, I feel that, notwithstanding the difficulties in front of us, we shall continue to be noteworthy for our "long run of unbroken prosperity."

I now beg to move:—"That the directors' report and balance-sheet now submitted be and the same are hereby adopted; that a further dividend at the rate of 4s. per share on the 'A' Ordinary shares of the company be and the same is hereby declared payable; that a sum of £2,000 be appropriated to the company's sick fund; that a sum of £30,000 be appropriated for the payment of a bonus to the branch staffs; that a sum of £20,000 be appropriated to provide for income-tax; and that the sum of £85,426 19s. 4d. be carried forward to the next account." (Applause.) I will call upon Mr. Saunders to second the resolution.

Mr. W. Saunders seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE

FUNDS INCREASED BY OVER HALF-A-MILLION.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Legal and General Assurance Society was held on the 24th inst. at 10, Fleet Street, Mr. Romer Williams, D.L., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding, said: The number of policies issued in the past year was 5,417 against 3,932 issued in 1918. The sums assured were £3,538,445, as against £2,170,058, and the premiums £168,741, as against £137,493. Deferred annuities were granted for £18,809. These figures are before deducting reassurances, the totals of the life and general funds being combined for brevity. The figures after deducting reassurances are, sums assured £3,335,104, deferred annuities £18,809 per annum, as against £2,127,104 and £1,374 per annum in 1918, the net new premiums being £160,677, as against £133,647 in the previous year. These figures show a substantial increase under every heading in comparison with those of the previous year—(hear, hear)—and I am pleased to be able to add that the amount of net new sums assured for 1919 is the largest in the history of the Society. (Applause.) In 1919 the gross sums assured amounted to £3,865,614, a slightly

higher figure than for last year, but a larger amount had then to be given off in reassurances, leaving the net figure of sums assured retained by the Society at £3,050,878 only as against the figure mentioned £3,335,104 for 1919. Having regard to the fact that this Society has discontinued the issue of with-profit contracts since the middle of the year, I think you will agree that the figures are especially satisfactory. The total net premium income of both funds amounted to £1,166,813, an increase of £55,723 on that for 1918. The Society has received as consideration for annuities purchased the sum of £75,089. The total expenses and commission were 13.26 per cent. of the premium income as against 11.2 per cent. in 1918. This increase is, of course, primarily due to the cost of the larger new business, but to a large extent it is due to a very considerable increase in the cost of all materials and the payment of increased emoluments to the staff rendered necessary to meet the high cost of living.

The total claims on the life assurance fund amounted to £671,969, of which £196,532 represent claims under endowment assurances maturing for payment during the year. The remaining claims, amounting to £475,437, are due to the deaths of 306 lives assured, and of this amount £20,395 is attributable to deaths directly due to the war. For 1918 the death claims were £546,914, including £111,829 due directly to the war. The Society's mortality experience in 1919 was a favourable one, the total mortality, including war claims, being only 80 per cent. of the expectation. As a result of the Society's operations the funds have increased by £557,036 during the year. With regard to the Stock Exchange securities, a valuation by the Society's brokers as at the 31st December last shows a deficiency of £67,582, but this is more than covered by the investment reserve fund of £40,694 and £64,672 shown as actual profit realised on investments sold. The average rate of interest has increased from £4 17s. per cent. to £4 18s. 6d. per cent., but any satisfaction in this is unfortunately largely discounted by the counteracting influence of the high rate of income-tax. A certain measure of relief is now afforded by the refund allowed on account of expenses.

You will no doubt expect me to say something to you as to the proposed fusion with the Guardian Office, which, as you know, has—in our opinion unfortunately—fallen through, because of the opposition of a minority of the shareholders. You must not suppose for one minute that the directors had any doubt as to the ability of the Legal and General to hold its own in these days of competition, but there is before us a serious time of hard work to build up the necessary machinery for the proper control of the fire and general business, which I have no doubt will come to us from our agencies and organisation, which I think is second to none. At the same time it was the opinion of the directors that to ally themselves with the Guardian, who already had developed their fire and general business, would have been to the advantage of both parties. But, as I have said, the shareholders as a body do not take that view, and they are desirous, as I understand, of maintaining the Legal and General as a legal office, and we must therefore rely upon their cordial assistance in carrying out this end. I move that the report be adopted.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Charles P. Johnson, J.P.) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE CITY

The Stock Exchange is "jumpy," prices moving up and down for no particular reason. One man will tell you it is fear of dear money; but it is absurd to suppose that a 6 per cent. Bank rate could upset markets. How money can be dear with the overflowing deposits in the Banks, and the thumping dividends declared by the drapers, the shipping companies, and the gold, oil, and rubber concerns, it is difficult to understand. In old days the Bank rate used to be raised in order to attract gold to London: but where is gold to come from nowadays except from our own colonies? The Bank rate might be put up to check the rather reckless borrowing from banks in which speculators are beginning to indulge for the purpose of dealing in shares. There is little doubt that the buying of oil shares has been overdone: but it is our opinion that the effect of the gold premium has not yet been reflected in the prices of Kaffir shares, which are bound to move upwards, as soon as the strike of natives on the Rand is settled, and Mr. Solly Joel and his friends return from Monte Carlo to the City. At the same time we consider Chartered as the dearest share in the market, and the bulls will lose their money. Even supposing that the award gives the company what it claims, or half of it, it will be a long time before the money is paid, and probably a good deal of it is already earmarked for expenditure. The Government cannot pay any money until it has decided what it is going to do with Rhodesia, whether to hand it over to the Union, or to make it a Crown colony, or self-governing province. This will take quite a long time.

The fluctuation of markets we attribute not so much to fear of dear money or of labour troubles as to uncertainty about the Budget and Government legislation. This proposal to tax by a special levy some 340,000 persons, whose capital may have increased during the last five years, whether by war-contracts, saving, or judicious investments, is an insane proposal, which, if persisted in, will rudely shake all credit, and seriously diminish the value of all but speculative securities. Let us hope that the Committee's inquiry is only a bit of democratic clap-trap, and that the report will knock the proposed robbery on the head.

On looking at the unlovely spectacle of the war-profiteers (in the proper sense of the term) one is consoled by the thought that a great deal of their ill-gotten gains will be lifted from them by the company promoter. Two or three companies issue every day, and it is a mere matter of statistics that the majority of companies subscribed by the public come to grief after a year or two. It requires an expert eye to analyse a prospectus, and most of the experts are, as the French say, "in the kitchen." Almost anything smelling of oil, or looking like a ship, is snapped up by the public, who forget that the men who are selling these commodities are, as a rule, unloading. In four or five years there will be a rude awakening, and then perhaps what are grimly called "gift-edged" investments may come into their own again. Take, for instance, those once respected old ladies, the Two-and-a-Half Per Cents., Consols *par excellence*. They are down to 49 and yield over 5 per cent. They can't go much lower, and they may rise 20 or 30 points, because the interest of 2½ per cent. can hardly be scaled down even by the most dishonest Socialists.

The Rosehaugh Tea and Rubber Company, which next to the Grand Central is the largest tea and rubber producer in Ceylon, is about to sell its assets to a new company, called the Rosehaugh Company, for £1,000,000, divided into 50,000 Preference shares of £10 6 p. c. free of tax, and 500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. The old Preference shareholders are to have the option of being paid off at £105, or of taking 90 six per cents. free of tax for 100 six and a-half per

cents. less tax, an exchange which would give them a slightly higher yield. It may be that the new shares will be available for market dealings, in which case we can recommend them as one of the safest investments in the rubber and tea section.

Within the past few months many and varied appeals have been made to the investor: indeed, the offers have been on such a scale as to arouse much anxiety in the minds of students of the monetary position. The majority of the issues have—perhaps naturally—been on the part of new enterprises, but invitations to subscribe additional capital for existing undertakings represent in the aggregate a very substantial sum. As regards the latter, the distinguishing feature has consisted in the liberality of the terms offered. In the old days, 5 per cent. was the general standard for a preference share, with or without further participation in profits; and where the last-named right existed it was usually limited to an additional 1 or 1½ per cent. Some recent offers of preference capital have entitled the subscribers to participation in profits up to a total dividend of as much as 15 per cent. When the reconstruction rush is over, will British industry be able to make satisfactory returns upon capital raised under such onerous conditions? Then as to the fresh flotations—the general characteristic has consisted in a capitalisation proportionate to the current inflation in values. Estimates for the future have been framed upon the result of the past, say, half-dozen years—in four or five of which the earnings have been enormously swollen by war orders. Without doubt, British industry is faced with the pleasing prospect of several years of activity—provided the market be not lost through insensate demands on the part of Labour. But, generally speaking, it is not to be imagined that commercial orders will yield the same margin of profit as goods which had to be produced with little, if any, regard to cost. Hence, not a few of the computations put forward are likely to prove castles in the air.

Fish prices at the present moment are high, and it may be argued with much plausibility that they are likely to remain so for some while. Nevertheless, the prudent investor should consider whether it is worth his while to embark his capital in a fishery venture under the present admittedly abnormal conditions. These remarks are prompted by perusal of the prospectus of the Trawlers (White Sea and Grimsby), Ltd., which is offering for subscription 300,000 ordinary shares of £1 each at par. This issue will provide purchase money for a fleet of twelve steam trawlers, and leave the company with "ample working capital and sufficient funds for the early acquisition of two more ships as and when favourable opportunities occur." The twelve vessels with gear have been bought by Mr. Sharman, one of the directors, for £213,000, and are to be taken over by the company at that figure, plus a profit of 5 per cent. in shares. The tonnage is a little difficult to arrive at, but there would appear to be six trawlers aggregating 1,644 tons, two aggregating 426 tons, and four aggregating 621 tons. This gives us a total of 2,661 tons, so that the purchase consideration represents over £80 per ton! A firm of chartered accountants certifies that six of the smaller vessels during the eight months ended the 30th November last made a net profit of £23,520 after providing for all charges save taxation; and from this the conclusion is drawn that the whole fleet could earn over 25 per cent. upon the issuable capital. Two of the directors—the Messrs. James and Harold Bacon—state that during the five years preceding the outbreak of the war, Grimsby steam-trawling enterprises of which they had personal experience were earning an average of not less than 20 per cent. per annum upon the capital employed. Concerning this pronouncement it need only be said that everything depends upon the amount of capital employed; while realisation of the estimates above referred to depends upon continuation of the present inflated conditions.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CO., OF CANADA

AGREEMENT ADOPTED.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on 19th inst., for the purpose of considering and, if approved, of ratifying an agreement between His Majesty the King, represented by the Minister of Railways and Canals of Canada of the first part, and the company of the second part. Sir Alfred W. Smithers, M.P., chairman of the company, presided.

The Chairman, in moving the approval of the agreement, said that on his return from Canada the directors submitted the agreement to the committee of gentlemen whom they agreed to appoint last March to consult with the board on behalf of the shareholders, and the committee approved of the action of the board in making the agreement.

At an interview last August Sir Robert Borden announced that the Government could make no further advance on the last offer, which was conveyed to the board on behalf of the Government, in a letter dated July 11, 1918, from the Hon. Arthur Meighen, the Minister of the Interior. That letter provided that the Government should take over the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and branch lines, and the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and acquire all assets and assume all obligations of both companies; that the guaranteed stock should be treated as a fixed charge, and that a board of arbitrators should be appointed to determine what compensation should be awarded to the first, second, third preference and ordinary stocks on the taking over by the Government.

He could only hope that all the considerations would be put before a Board of Arbitrators by able counsel, and that the long-suffering British shareholders would be given all the consideration it would be in the power of the arbitrators to give. He said "in the power of the arbitrators to give" because he thought the Senate most unfairly insisted on putting a limit beyond which the arbitrators might not award. (Cheers.) That limit was 5,000,000 dols. per annum, which included 2,500,000 dols. for the guaranteed stock, leaving 2,500,000 dols. for the first, second, third preference and ordinary stock. The maximum fixed by the Senate was practically the minimum price the directors had offered to take in their negotiations with the Government.

The agreement was approved, but it was agreed to lodge a protest on the inadequate rates allowed.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Senate will proceed to ELECT EXAMINERS for the MATRICULATION EXAMINATION for the Year 1920-21 in the following subjects:—

One each in (a) *English*, (b) *French*, (c) *Modern European History and English History*, (d) *Mathematics (Elementary and more Advanced)*, (e) *Greek*, (f) *Elementary Chemistry*, (g) *Elementary Physics*.

In each of these subjects, except Greek, there are two Examiners, but one of the present Examiners is in each case eligible and offers himself for re-election.

The Senate will also proceed to Elect External Examiners for the First Examination for Medical Degrees for the year 1920-21 in

CHEMISTRY.

PHYSICS.

BIOLOGY.

N.B.—Attention is drawn to the provision of Statute 124, whereby the Senate is required, if practicable, to appoint at least one Examiner who is not a Teacher of the University.

Particulars of the remuneration and duties can be obtained on application.

Candidates must send in their names to the External Registrar, GEO. F. GOODCHILD, M.A., B.Sc., with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before FRIDAY, 12 MARCH, 1920, in respect of Matriculation Examinerships, and on or before SATURDAY, 27 MARCH, 1920, in respect of the First Medical Examinerships. (Envelopes should be marked "Examinership.")

It is particularly desired by the Senate that no application of any kind be made to its individual members.

If testimonials are submitted, three copies at least of each should be sent. Original testimonials should not be forwarded in any case. If more than one Examinership is applied for, a separate complete application, with copies of testimonials, if any, must be forwarded in respect of each. No special form of application is necessary.

University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7,
February, 1920.

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